

With all my heart. Sir and if you like it better
a free release in writing.
Petro. That's the matter,
and you from her shall have another Rowland,
and then turne taylo to taylo; and peace be with you.
Rowl. Why see be it; y^e 20. pounds weat Franio.
Fran. Twill not endoe me Rowland, doe your worst.
Row. Come, shall we see her, Sir.
Bianc. What ere shee says you must beare manly.
for her sickness has made her somewhat peevish
Row. Let her talke.
till her tongue ake, I care not, by this hand
thou hast a handsome face wench, and a body
daintily mounted; now doe I feele a hundred
runningly directly from me, as I put it.
Bian. Pray beare her softly, the least hurry, Sir,
puts her to much impatience.
Petro. How is't daughter?
Luia. O sick, very sick, yet somewhat better
because this good man has forgiven me;
pray set me higher, o my head.
Bian. Well done wench.
Luia. father, and all good people that shall heare me,
I haue abusid this man perintiously;
Was neuer old man humbled so,
I haue scorned him and call'd him nasty names,
I haue spilt at him,
flung candles ends in his beard, and call'd him harrow
that must be drawne to all he does, contemnd him
for me thought then he was a beastly fellow,
E' gaue it out his cassock was a barge cloth

Enter Luia
sick carry'd in a chair
by seruants; Morio
by her.

pawnd

Pawnd to his predecessor by a sculler,
the man yet extant; I gaue him comfits
at a great Christning once,
that spoild his chambril breeches; and one night
I strew'd the staires with pease, as he past downe,
and the good gentleman, (woe worth me for't)
even with this reuerent head, this head of wisdom,
told two and twenty staires, good and true,
mist not a step, and as wee say, verbatim,
fell to the bottome, brok his casting bottle,
lost a faire toad stone, of some 18 shillings;
I dumbled his ioints together, had two stools,
and was translated, all this villanie
did I, I Luia, I alone, vntaught.

Moro. And I was kt forgive it.
Luia. Where's Biancha?
Bian. Here Cousin.
Luia. Gue me drinke.
Bian. There.
Luia. Who's that?
Moro. Rowland.
Luia. O my dissembler, you and I must part;
come nearer, Sir,
Row. I am sorry for your sicknesse.
Luia. Be sorry for your selfe, Sir, you haue wrong'd me
but I forgive ye, are the papers ready.
Bian. I haue 'em here; wilt please you view 'em?
Petro. Yes.
Luia. Show 'em the youngman too. I know he's willing
to shift his sayles to, 'tis for his more aduancement;
Alas! we might haue begg'd one another;

We are